“এই প্রজন্ম রগ সামলিয়ে চলবে না”

Hades lives beneath, Apollo's the star
Mine the divinity of being meat
The divine are not human, thus who are
Dehumanized, apotheosis meet.
For one whom they nor hereafter exists
Death is but itself Olympus' abyss.

I once knew a girl who went out at night
Just to lay her head on the railroad tracks
Vibrating metals, sound of wheels— her rite
Her regular ritual to relax.

Ghostly pale girl, auburn of hair,
May it never get redder yet.
May you always move away ere.
May you paler never more get.

"The Purpose of a System is What It Does"

I who have seen the cogs of your machine
Carry inside my skull the design's weight.
Your cursed blueprint like a fishbone unseen
Penetrates the grey goo inside my pate.
You whom I will have exterminated
Yourself inside me have germinated.

Redder yet can this terror be—
The monopoly of fear switch.
Fix the world without rights from which
The wrong Utsha was forced to flee.

Redder yet shall this terror come
Five other stripes of colors too
Make this game a non-zero sum
Utter loss for both me and you.

"To You, Hands of Dajjal"

I had lied, my hate, to the reporter

If I could get you, I'd spare no quarter

None of the cartoons had just a joke been

Or any of the writings you have seen.

In truth I wish, my hate, to do it all

And to make subhuman filth like you fall,

For I have seen your purpose and design,

Any creature which possesses a spine

Would consider imperative, hate mine

To bring about by any means needed

Your utter destruction unimpeded.

"The Horror of the Indomitable Human Spirit"

My corpse I drag through the asphalt of time
The hours' jagged concrete fillet its face
I have come to loathe the clock's routine chime
That I don't collapse I hate, hate my pace
Hate the legs that forward keep on going
I hate the soul and heart that wills it so
Hate the weight of the carcass I'm towing
And hate all alike be they friend or foe

“Fuck Your Trauma, Wimpy Bitch”

This isn't the age of pacification
Or fear and diplomacy's dictation
Of a few corpses damming the rivers
The stream, now sharp, shreds the meat to slivers
And those that demand life now all seek death—
This isn't the age of whispers under breath.

Today we desecrate our own martyrs,
If that's what it takes to get our charters,
Defile the corpses of Xulhaz-Tonoy,
If we need to against liberals' ploy
To keep the community without rights
To support all movements except our fights
By citing them as cautionary tales
Then we must deride their unceasing wails—
Tell them to move on from the handful dead—
Killing ground demands newer shades of red.

“Fleshneeds”

Effigies hardly satisfy the need
To burn vultures who on misery feed
Inanimate facsimiles are nothing
I must see fear in your face as I bring
The fire that would feed on your body back
As you have done on those living in lack

No one had needed to die as much I
No one had wanted to live as much I
But all calculations answered the same
The only one way to progress the game
The only single course of action left
Was to leave them of any peace bereft

“Fuck Sorowar-Mahtab”

No violent words nor deeds could express
The pulsating hatred my heart infests.
Drawings of your decapitated heads
Or of your bodies torn to little shreds
Could not express the whole of my contempt
Also even if I were to attempt
To materialize these threats for good
Even if your ripped off faces I could
Use for the privy as unsightly rags—
Wouldn't be enough for the loathing that nags
My every waking and unconscious thought
Against you shit-smeared vultures and your lot.

"Fight to Hurt, Not Win"

Of crippling despair they speak and they warn
But can be crippling too that hope forlorn
That keeps the kicked wretch stay meek on the ground
Hoping — to rouse pity showing his wound
Hoping — that his sorry state would so cause
The attacker to feel regret and pause
Or hoping — him the onlookers would save,
Tell the assailant to not misbehave—
Such hopes are the death of soul and body
And so I despair myself embody—
Despair which makes me stand up and fight back
Giants and monsters who think their attack
Would be unfought for their fearsome image—
Left surprised I join gladly the scrimmage

"Æsirvápn"

Dost thou see the iron rise? Seest it fall?
Comest the hammer of God down on all.
Shalt thou be smote or be shaped — the query,
Standing tall for lightning on the prairie.
And then shalt thou be in thy final form
One other hammer to call on the storm?

“Kill the দায়দরদ Pricks”

All of these raw voices will mean nothing
Their eardrums have all decayed from disuse
Not unless of course you begin to string
These fuckers one by one up with a noose

"I’m Not Delusional, My Plan for Queer Rights is Creating Conflicts Until Contradictions Resolve"

One man can not be an army nor state
And yet this all you get, as would have fate.
But the existence of a state does breed
Many more other states out of base need.
So to wage war by yourself, I dictate,
Is to by itself an army create.

"Prevailing Angels"

Convinced of their incapability

For evil — "An impossibility!"—

As if reality would break to make

Their moving hands stop for none but their sake

Some men and some women thus desecrate

The sanctity of the prey they predate—

"How can be the divine sinless sewers

Overflown by blood shed by wrongdoers?

And thus, how can be the red in our hands

Of the undeserving, against God's plans?"

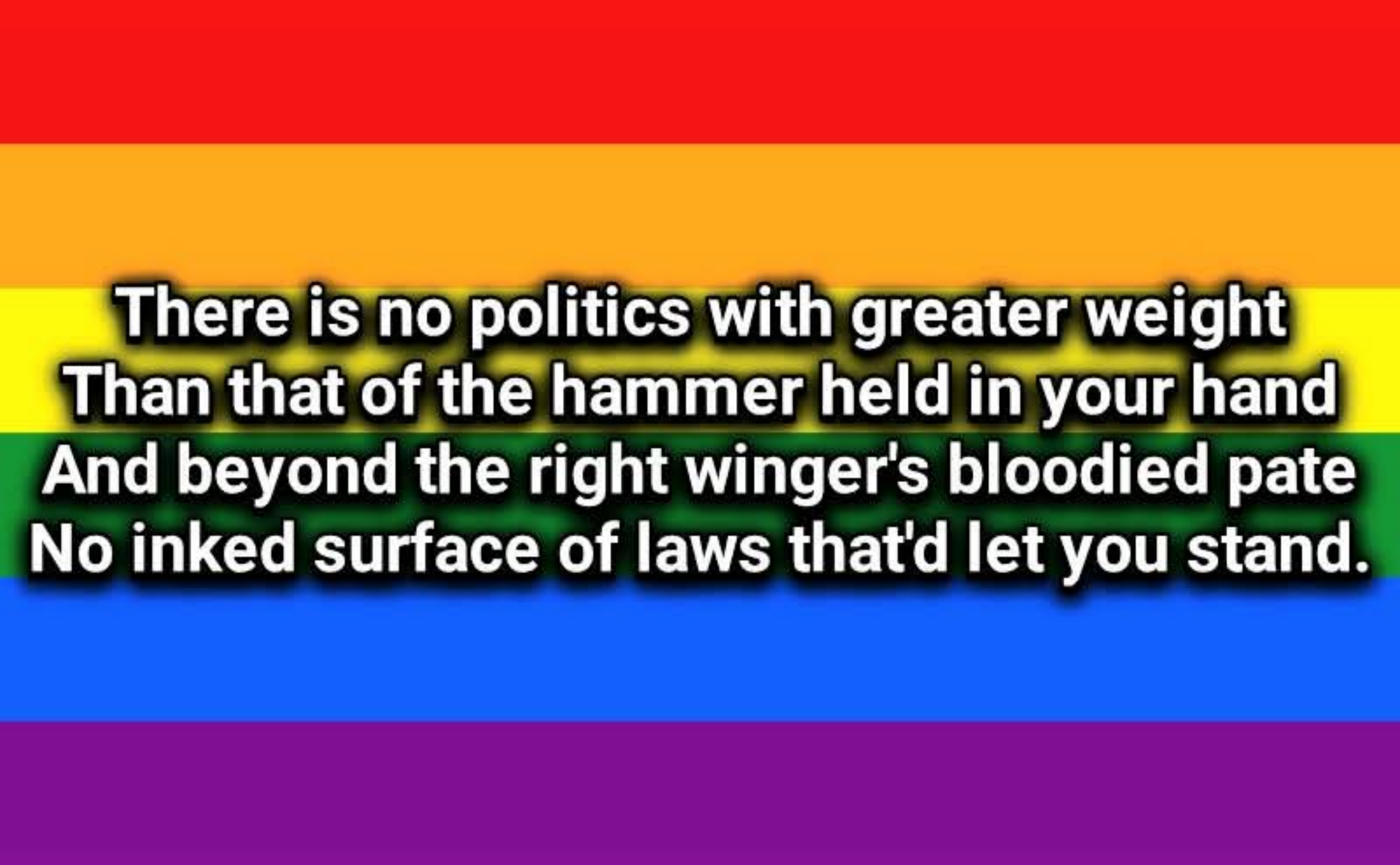
But these dull lives have violent ends too,
The same bloody end for peasants and knights—
No escaping doom, for me or for you—
And so what right man would shun his delights?
What right woman would her sword abandon—
Forsake the armor she was meant to don?
From endless hordes what right person would flee
Rather than meeting them with force and glee?

Only in crises do I human feel.
Seek out, seek out whatever grand ordeal
Gives divine proof to innocence or guilt
And keep adding to the milk that's been spilt.

Unrealistic to have it is not
A hero complex rooted in your thought,
Why not, when walk monsters among our midst
Must in our world more heroes not exist?

Just because the tale ends not with our deaths,
No curtain closes to stop the world's breaths
And you stay remain stuck in your first act
Not moving the story with will or tact—
That we used ours and you refused your tools
Rather than heroes, are we to be fools?

Inside my skin, fatty tissues and meat
Hidden are novels I will never write
Hidden are poems I'll never secrete
I who sought to scribe near my man must fight
Fight and kill just to be near him at all


There is no politics with greater weight
Than that of the hammer held in your hand
And beyond the right winger's bloodied pate
No inked surface of laws that'd let you stand.

“Each Death Evolves”

Paltry magazines and public parades
Had been enough to raise the bloodied blades,
Had been enough to trigger their crusades
And to trigger all their state-sanctioned raids.

The homos of the generation past
They wanted merely to live their own lives
And when the corpses dropped, they were aghast—
And lived as the bottom-most prey survives.

But we are the homos born in the blood
And we seek not pleasure nor any peace
But either a worthwhile death in the mud
Or from their pie our rightful goddamn piece.

“জনবিচ্ছিন্নতা”

Denying institutional access
To marriage, education— more or less
They turn the homos from being a limb
Of society to a tumor grim—

And as they cut off this tumorous growth
Forced to become child prostitutes in slums
"Cut off not the masses for homos" quoth
The arbiter of who the masses be and who the bums

“Lynch Neo-feudalists”

I have seen the future of your design
The inbred child of the past and present
It's a moral imperative of mine
To commit infanticide and prevent
The new world of your seeds from being born
And if I must be the monster that digs
Into the pregnant old world's womb now torn—
Claw out the fetus to feed it to pigs
Then so be it, only monsters can cure
The morbid symptoms that we now endure.

"All According to Plan"

Had his wax melted not as he soared on
Still would've burnt (the gods of dusk and dawn)
the flesh of Icarus to ashen dust—
It wasn't for Apollo then he did thrust
Nor was Poseidon's grand palace his goal
But knowingly had sought Hades his soul

The folly is in thinking the feline
Views food and shelter as ownership's sign
No more are you his owner than the state
The latent insurrectionist's mate

“সাম্প্রদায়িক সম্প্রীতি”

Indigenous man face first on the grass
A bullethole on his back gushing blood
With his shed red are written the words crass
"Social Harmony" on bootprinted mud.

"Sickly Sweet Warmth of a Village on Fire"

Muhsin, the vultures feasting on your flesh
Are dancing, dancing on your blood still fresh.
Muhsin, the fires will come, come from the sky
It will wipe us lowborns and those born high.
The language they speak, of domination
Will speak: vultures of another nation
And their houses shall be destroyed, blood-gilt—
How ours were never allowed to be built.
The scars they gave us shall be indistinct
As our body shall be charred and ash-tinct
And in that shall they resemble us too
No more hate left, no more killings to do.
They had kept from us: dignity of graves
But a country-turned-graveyard no corpse staves.

Red sky left me a rabid dog,
Frothing at mouth, a rabid dog
Looking up, collared neck, straining,
Barking, to waste all the training.
The hand that feeds poison I bite,
Red is painted all in my sight.
Red in my sleep, and waking hours,
Bloodied red all thorns and flowers.
Red sky never left me at all,
Red is the ground on which I crawl.

for the disabled, the lgbts, the Romani and the Slavs

"Who did you exclude from your poem, Niemöller?"

We're the unwritten first lines of the verse,
The first ones to be gathered and then snuffed,
And to be left by the left is our curse,
Ever-dying, our deaths mere dead cells sloughed

“The Purpose of a System is What It Does 5”

Systems with purposes must be destroyed
With clear purpose and vengeance in return
Crush them who your life of joy did devoid
No other language will they choose to learn.

Understand the exploiter's grim cold math
In his controlled chaos detect order
And dish out your incalculable wrath,
Unsolve the equation of the hoarder

You must arrange for me to face
Brutal consequence with no grace
Or I'll not stop acting this way—
Only act worse each passing day!

“Memory”

When I was little my father took me
To sights in the village that were must-see.
I saw my first corpses when I was five,
On the muddy police yard were they kept.
The entire village that day did arrive
To prod the dead, the cops didn't intercept.

Flies sat on their unmoving open eyes,
The rigor mortis nonchalant coolness,
Their mouths open as if in feigned surprise,
Who knows what the dead so seek to express

The dead are always human, yet not quite
Like circus performers they always pose
Bending their bodies uncanny to sight
Even more so the ones that passed from blows.

And "If they ever kill robbers," he said
"We will get back to see the bullet holes."
Entertainment for all, no tickets paid
The dead play theirs and the living their roles.

I can create no new art anymore
For I feel no new thing— depleted store.
The same old monotonous oppression
Breeds the same monotonous aggression—
At the same old class of people I rage
While trapped inside the same old bars of cage.
I have naught to give but repetition
Until changed is the current condition,
I shall be my own echo and no more
The seed that grows only the apple's core
The same prison meal for years upon years
The same old routine which the crazed adheres.
That's all, I have got nothing new to say.
That's all, I have got nothing new to say.
That's all, I have got nothing new to say.
That's all, I have got nothing new to say.

“এই প্রজন্ম রগ সামলিয়ে চলবে না”

Hades lives beneath, Apollo's the star
Mine the divinity of being meat
The divine are not human, thus who are
Dehumanized, apotheosis meet.
For one whom they nor hereafter exists
Death is but itself Olympus' abyss.

“Original Sin"

Only in autopsies they show their red
Caged within ribs, veiled by flesh
In the darkness as they hammer away
All our hearts are black

I am not the one with hubris beset
It is you, who claim I wrongness beget.
I'm not the prideful pharaoh, nor are you
A representative of Almighty.
I am the tiny insect that which flew
Into Nimrod's nose and brain cavity.
You are the cruel, vicious autocrat,
And the giant that shall fall to a gnat.

I hope he whom you consider your brother
Leader too, whom you offer your leash
With your foolish hopes you he does smother
When scapegoats he needs more niche.
I hope you taste every drop of juice
Of the fruits which seeds you did sow
I hope you stammer then for an excuse
Confronted by the children of tomorrow.
I hope rises our blood up to your waist
As you tread upon the world you've made
This unnatural desert, this land of waste
I hope you linger, that you Death does evade.

“Ghetuputra Komola”

Your fallen state will justify
Those who pushed you down from the roof.
They live who are not meant to die-
There is no need for greater proof.
So close your eyes, slip away, child,
Fulfill your purpose in the world
And be scorned by those as defiled
Who the wheel of violence whirled

"Tu es Brute"

An oppressive distrust settled in heart,
All faces patterns become and naught more,
The shading, the lines of your fleshly art
Onto which meaning I dream like a chore.

In the choice of your words, patterns of speech
I see the conspirators wielding knives.
And they shall all have their fill of blood each,
You shall be the last who in the blade drives.

“7th August, 2024 and the Unending Struggle”

Everyone celebrating in the streets
Were distributing and were eating sweets
For they had defeated the great evil
And I had been part of their upheaval
And I had stood with them in their frontlines
Had stood unblinded by bombs and muzzles' shines
And so looked Death in his eyes and he blinked
But afterwards, when the victory tinct
Rouged their cheeks, I did not let it touch mine
I ate no sweets, I celebrated not
As my own kin's shelters— destroyed their lot
I knew, I knew my war will never end
That they will feast on me whom I called friend
Yesterday will be my foe tomorrow
Before I can say "alack" or say "woe"—
That with no respite for a single breath
Each one of my clan must fight on till death

"Ganymede and Sporus' Song"

It’s hard not to feel divine
To be adored yet lonely
Or to feel slavish, love mine
For loving still you only.

The catamite cupbearer's
Wretched apotheosis
In the final prognosis
Offers but holy terrors.

“*Opens History Book* Uh-Oh”

This valley of death is in fact my land
We are the trees that sprouted on mass graves
I will not bury my head in the sand,
Not deny the human bones this path paves.
Always has been the history of us
From feudalism to democracy thus.

“Apocalyptic Apathy for You and for Me”

I see a world on fire, I close my eyes
And I dream of it spreading ever more,
See the flames so rise and on do they rise
To consume those who had passively glore.
I see a pool of ignored blood, I dream:
An ocean of red rising past the shore
Scorning all that beg for mercy or scream
And drowning us all in its briny gore.

‘Lack of Civil Rights Affect Workers Too, You Fucking Shit Slurping Pissboy”

Vultures of convenience call laborers
"Agents of other nations" when they strike
But use them as pity-porn tearjerkers
When civil rights' fight enters mass psyche